THE
Arcadian Lovers
OR,
Colin and Amarillis.

Being a Compoſure, Richly Illuſtrated with the indeared expreſſions of a Shepherd and Shepherdeſs, for the pleaſure and delight of all amorous Fancies.

To be ſung in a Tune of great rarity.

Vpon the ſmooth Arcadian plain,
Where the Lambs do friſk amain,
Faire Amarillis and her Swain,
With hand in hand, were walking;
The Sweets to prove, of harmleſs Love,
They Amorouſly were talking.

She was cloathed all in green,
And ſurpaſt the Fairy Queen,
Which made poore Colin for to ſeem
Amazed with her Beauty;
To prize his Dear, beyond compare
He took't to be his duty,

She for joy did neatly trip,
Whileſt their flocks about them skip,
When Colin ſat, a while to prate,
She courteouſly ſat by him;
And for to finde, if he were kinde,
Thus prettily ſhe did try him.

Amarillis told her Swain,
To compleat their joyes again,
That he ſhould love her and be plain,
And think not to deceive her;
Then he proteſted by his troath,
That he would never leave her.

O Colin if thou conſtant prove,
And that thou wilt not ſlight my love,
There's ne're a Swain upon this plain,
That ever ſhall come near thee;
For Garlands and Embroidered Scrips,
Oh Colin, I love thee dearly.

But Colin if thou change thy Love,
And ſeek my fury once to move,
A Tygreſs unto thee i'le prove,
When er'e thou doſt come near me;
O Amarillis fear not that,
For I doe love thee dearly.

The Second Part, to the ſame Tune.

O Colin if thou proveſt kind,
And never more will change thy mind
I'le deck ỳ bowers, with fragrant flowers,
Whoſe pleaſure ſhall invite thee;
With boughes to ſhroud thee from the
Whilſt Colin I will delight thee. (ſhowrs

My Colin if a kiſſe be all,
I'le not refuſe what ere befall;
I am inclin'd, our Loves to bind,
On ſuch a harmleſs faſhion;
Since ne're a Swain, could yet ere ſtain,
My innocent reputation.

O Amarillis I rejoyce,
For to hear thy pleaſing voice,
Then never think my onely Dear,
That I will er'e deceive thee;
But caſt aſide ſuch doubts and fear,
I vow I will never leave thee.

O my deareſt Love quoth he
Now our hearts do both agree,
No Shepherd on Arcadia's Ground,
Shall ever prove ſo loyal;
Now Amarillis thou haſt found,
My love will abide the tryal.

O Colin, how it joyes my heart,
That our Loves ſhall never part,
Amintas and his Chloris faire,
Did ne're injoy ſuch pleaſure;
Nor Coridon and Philis rare,
I prize thee above all treaſure.

Then Colin ſtreight began to Sing,
And made the hills with eccho's ring,
In Amarillis lofty praiſe,
Ye pleaſant rimes compoſes;
Whil'ſt ſhe makes garlands of green bays
For Colin bedeckt with Roſes.

O Amarillis change a kiſſe,
In token of a further bliſſe,
Whilſt every Swain, upon this plain,
Doth envy our imbraces;
I'le ſound thy praiſes in high ſtrain,
To keep thee from all diſgraces.

Thus they paſt their time in ſport,
And ſtill thought it was but ſhort,
Till young and old, their flocks did fold,
To keep them ſafe from ſtraying;
And ſo the night did part them quite,
Which merrily had been playing.

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